once it must be an orphan, and gave chase with the idea of rounding it up. I had no gun or revolver with me, nothing in fact but my bowie, for, as I say, I had merely strolled over n camp to water and shift the mules. The cub was a lively and muscular little whelp, with legs almost as thick as its bod ; and as I took after him, he hustled along through the pines at a pace that made me hump in order to keen him company. I might have run some faster, maybe, except for a pretty lively suspicion that the youngster might turn out after all not to be an orphan. A long experience with Big Horn Mountain bears had taught me to entertain a good wholesome respect for a bear cub's mother, and I didn't exactly feel like chasing this particular whelp right into its mother's arms, with no other weapon handy than a bowle.

following the cub about a mile, howezer. I decided that it must be an orphan beyond a doubt, otherwise the old bear would have turned up, and so I put on a little more speed. Finding itself pressed pretty hard, the young bear dodged this way and that, doubled around patches of juniper, and finally scuttled up a big red cedar.

I once heard a tenderfoot tourist whom Sage-

brush and I guided through the Yellowstone Park read a bear yarn out of a Down East book in which it was claimed that a four-months old cub can't climb a tree any bigger round than it can span with its forearms. That only goes to show what sort of truck they print in books, and how much Down Easters know about bears, anyhow. Out here a brown bear

goes to show what sort of truck they print in books, and how much Down Easters know about bears, anyhow. Out here a brown bear at that age can shinny up a tree three feet in diameter easy, if the bark is only rough enough to give him good claw hold.

While I stood looking at him, undecided whether to follow him up into the tree or go back to camp after my Winchester, the cub settled himself in a fork about thirty feet high. With his tongus lolling out and panting for breath, he sat and looked down at his pursuer with an expression in which fear and curiosity made a most comical mixture. It was probably a mile to camp, and, afraid the cub might escape if I left him, I finally decided to climb up and settle him with my bowls. His anxiety and fear were something laughable to witness as he watched me start to climb the tree, and he began whining and crying like a baby. It wasn't a very easy tree for a man to climb, for although the rough bark afforded hand and foot hold, after a fashion, there were no branches for the first twenty feet. The cub retreated higher up the tree, whining and crying and looking anxiously about for some avenue of escape, but always keeping well out of reach. I had been chasing it around in this manner for several minutes and trying to corner it up, without success, when all of a sudden there came a terrific roar right at the foot of the tree. It was the old she bear, the cub's mother, and she was almost beside herself with rage. Both the sub and I had been too busy watching each other to notice anything eise, and neither of us had observed the she bear until she startled the woods with her savage roar. For a moment the cub seemed to forget me in its delight at seeing its natural protector, and with an appealing whinny it begged the old bear to come up and save it. As for myself, I reckened I was in a mighty tight place, for a brown bear can climb as easily as a squirrel, only not so fast. At first I crawled out on a limb as far as I dared trust myself, in the hope that the whining little c

sind any and wanted the old bear to come up the limit. I tried to clamber up above him. I tried to clamber the tried to come time before attempting to climb, and the system of the tried to clamber the tried to come time before attempting to climb, and the system of the tried to clamber up above him. I the for about a minute that was ever done in the tried to come the best above the tried to come the tried to come the tried to come time before attempting to climb, and the tried to come time before attempting to climb, and tried the tried to come the tried to the tried to come the tried to come the tried to the tried to the tried to come the tried to t

MANY SORTS OF ANIMALS.

IT IS A DANGEROUS BUSINESS FOOLING WITH BEAR CUBS.

Two Interesting Procts of the Forcesing Procession—The Old Settler At It Again — Mard Luck of a Fennsylvania Tewanisorless of the Asimal World.

FORT CUSTER, Jan. 15.—Reckoned by itself, there ian't much to a bear cub under six months old, no matter what particular breed of the varminit it belongs to, grizzly, cinnamon, or what not. Nevertheless, by fooling with a bear cub a fellow can very easily get himself into a bigger rumpus than if he had tackled a full-grown animal to begin with. Take a cub and its mother together, and the combination is every bit as dangerous as two full-grown bears. Not because the youngster is likely to take any hand in the fight, but because the old she bear will fight a heap savager and die harder on account of the cub, every time. If you want to see an old squaw bear turn berself wrongs side out with fury and cave around till her grees throw off sparks, all you have to do is to get cornered up betwirk ther and her cub, as I cance happened to be.

It came about one day while Sagebrush Bill and the three Englishmen were out in the mountains bunting, and I was staying at home to look after the camp. Our camp, you will remember, was in a little mountain park near the head waters of the Rosebud on the Crow reservation, Montana. Our mules were pick, etch in a sort of off-shoot of the park, a short distance away where there was plenty of bunch grass, and I was just returning from watering them and shifting them cover to new ground one morning, when I stumbled upon a brown bear cub about four months old. The previous day the contract of the cub, every times, it is not the cub stranger of the cub, As and the contract of the cub carrying an ounce of lead with her, too, in fact, there was in a little mountain park near the head or rounding it up. I had no gun over the way with the grass and I was just returning from watering them and shifting them cover to new any of the cub. As a con a sight formal country in the cou

SARPINTS WIDE AWAKE,

The Old Settler Talks of the Days When Snakes Had Vim and Sporting Blood,

It was plain to be seen that there was something agitating the inquiring mind of little Poleg, the Old Settler's lively grandson. The Old Settler himself was busy tying fish lines on bits of shingles, which indicated that he was contemplating an early trip to the pond to fish for pickerel through the ice. He was evidently not in a good humor. It was that fact, no doubt, that led Peleg to try and relieve his mind through the medium of his grandmother, the Old Settler's amiable Maria. She was putting on her hood, preparatory to starting for the red school house, where Brother Shedfiddle of the Lost Crow Barren circuit was to preside that evening at an experience neeting; but Peleg was wild for information. and he ventured this question:

"Gran' mammy," said he, "what's the reason that snakes goes in their holes in the winter time and don't come out again till spring?" "I dunno, my son," said Peleg's grandmother, as she tied her hood strings under her chin with a jerk; "but I guess it mus' be 'cause they don't hev no wife to carry in stove wood fer 'em every night to keep 'em warm all winter, like some

people th't ain't snakes has!"

Peleg's grandmother looked severely at the Old Settler as she finished her answer, and then she went out of the house with her head so high and her back so stiff that the Old Settler remarked quietly to Peleg, after he had

tier remarked quietly to Peleg, after he had heard the front gate slam shut:

"It'd be wuth yer w'ile, Peleg, to drop inter the red school house this evenin' an 'listen to yer gran'mammy's 'sperience. It'll be livelier, b'gosh, th'n that yaller book yev ben readin' bout Squint-eyed Gabe, the Injin Chawer."

Peleg busied himself by wetting his finger in his mouth and marking snake-like figures with it on the kitchen table, casting a wistful glance now and then toward his grandfather, who kept on with the rigging up of his pickerel tackle. The Old Settler finished his work at last, and, lighting his pipe, sat down in his rocking chair and for a few moments smoked in silence. By and by he said:

for a few moments smoked in silence. By and by he said:

"Peleg, w'en yer pinin' for little p'ints in nat'ral listry, alluz come to me. Yer gran'mammy hain't had the chances to study natur' ez I
hev, an' if she had, she couldn't lay down the
p'ints to ye ez plain an' simple ez I kin, her
narves bein'strung a leetle too high, an' her patlence with childhood strugglia' to l'arn bein'
a leetle short at one end. Now, w'at were it ye
were achin' fer to know?"

a leate short at one end. Now, wat were it ye were achin fer to know?"

Peleg trightened up like a ray of sunlight striking a tin rooster on a barn, and eagerly repeated his question.

Gran'pop, what's the reason that snakes goes in their holes in winter time and don't come out again till soring?"

"Wall. Peleg." said the Old Settler, blowing and watch. goes in their holes in winter time and don't come out again till spring?"

"Wall, Peleg," said the Old Settler, blowing a cloud of smoke toward the ceiling, and watching it as it writhed and curled and contorted itself into shapes vividly suggestive of the subject of Peleg's inquiry, "it's all 'cause times hain't like they usety was, an' cause snakes has degin'rated the same ez ev'rything else. Wen I were a boy in the Sugar Swamp deestrio' it wa'n't so. Snakes didn't climb fer a hole in the rocks, in them days, ez soon ez the fust tetch o' frost struck the air, like they do nowadays. They had vim in 'em, an' sportin' blood, an' was on the taps fer fun an' business jist the same w'en the snow were four foot on the level ez they was wen birds' nests was ripe an' chipmunks was sassin' of 'em on buck-an-rider fences. Th' wa'n't no snake dens nowhar 'round Sugar Swamp, time t'at I were a boy. Peleg, an' if I'd ha' only thort of it then, an' jist sot down an' writ nat'ral hist'ry 'cordin' to the way natur' cut an' fitted things an' turned 'em loose in the Sugar Swamp deestric' sixty or seventy year ago, It'd make ye laugh so to read it, soonny, th't yer gran'mammy wouldn't hev' no time to do nuthin' but sew yer buttons on, y'd bust 'em off so slick an' reg'lar. Snakes in them days know'd a good deal, an' they worked 'arly an' late durin' the summer, an' then list layed back an' inj'yd theirselfs ez long ez winter lasted. Peleg, e' you k'd ha' jist sot by in the brush an' seen a passel o' Sugar Swamp snakes layin' theirselfs out in a rog'lar ol'-fashioned game o' shinny on the ice, one side bein' made up, mebby, with slick an' [sistenin' blacksnakes, t'other side, ez like ez not, bein' gay an' festive rattlesnakes—if you k'd only ha' sot by some'rs an' seen a sight like that. Peleg, I'm a thinkin' the' the things ye see an' hear nowadays 'as me a sight like that. Peleg, I'm a thinkin' the' the things ye see an' hear nowadays 'as me a sight like that. Peleg, I'm a thinkin' the' the things ye see an' hear nowadays 'as m

'em, each snake havin' a holt of an ear. The rabbit nat'raily pranced around skittleh like, an' looked wild an 'tried to git away. But the snakes held it tight by the ears, an' led it up to whar the getherin' o' anakes were the thickest. The rattlers an' the blacksnakes an' all the rest o' the sarroints crowded 'round the rabbit an' looked him all over. One big rattler went up an' pried the rabbit's mouth open an' then looked at his teeth, very clus an' p'tic'lar like. Th' was a great time o' hissin' an' rattlin' an' jawin' to an' fro, an' then out from tother side o' the openin' kim two big rattlesnakes, leadin another rabbit, list the same extae blacksnakes had fetched ther'n in. Th' was the same hellabaloo made over this un th' th' were over tother un.

balloo made over this un thit th were over
'Cother un.

"Wall, says I to myself, thus gother be
some fun here, bygosh, says I, but wuther it's
to be a barbeeue or a row bottin 'rabbit'
the stay I.

"But, Peleg, it wa'n't nuther a barbeeue nor
a raw bott, Wen the excitement over the
person of the two rabbits in the ring had
a little, and a sassy-lookin' rattler, roung an'
chipper, kim for'ard, an' a shiny blacksnake,
bligger in the rattler, kim to the front at the
same time. Then th' were another big time,
bligger in the rattler, kim to the front at the
same time. Then th' were another big time,
bligger in the rattler, kim to the front at the
same time. Then th' were another big time,
bligger in the rattler, kim to the front at the
same time. Then th' were another big time,
two apakes is gointer bott them rabbits on a
bett, lasys.

"Jeewhize!' lasys to myself. I guess them
two apakes is gointer bott them rabbits on a
bett, lasys.

"Jeewhize!' lasys to myself. I guess them
two apakes is gointer bott them rabbits on a
bett, lasys.

"Jeewhize!' lasys to myself. I guess them
to business vit. Feleg. Hineby watever trouble
th was seemed to be sattled. The getterin'o'
snakes seathered. Some o' the snakes clim up
in the highest o' the brush, an' all of em got
ready for w'at were comin'. The two black
the same and the black of the rabbit his
frionds was holdin' an to 'o' my it, an' they
hacked em around, an' stoed 'om yid, an' then
the course of the same and the blackmakes th' was holdin'
the rabbits and then a great big rattler that laid
off to one side on a big rock, with a blackmake
on one side of him an' a blowin' adder on 'o' there
snakes and the blackmakes th' was holdin'
the rabbits dropped their holt. The air were
filled with a chorus o' hissin' an' rattill' th' almost made in the course of the same and the
snake and the blackmakes th' was holdin'
the rabbits dropped their holt. The same
snakes and the blackmakes th' was holdin'
to' ye bout. I speeded, o' course, to see them
rabbits they o' the big of the
snake

Swamp deestric usety pass away the time durin' the long dull winters o' sixty an' seventy year ago. Peleg. 'fore they lost their vim an' their sportin' blood, an' went to sleepin' in holes in the rocks. Yer poor o' gran pap's gointer bed now, sonny. If you set up till M'riar comes, don't mention setch a thing ez saskes to her. Peleg, fer yer gran 'mammy don't sleep p'tic'lar well ez it is, an' talkin' o' snakes sets her to dreamin' oncommon terbie."

ED MOTT.

First Overrun by Mice, then by Hawks. Fol-BRISTOL, Pa., Jan. 21 .- Milford township, this county, is the champion township of the State for farm and household pests. Since 1883 each year has been made remarkable in Mil-ford by the presence of a different pest, each in great force. In 1883 it was field mice. From all parts of the town the farmers reported this little farm nuisance so numerous and destructive that in some cases entire meadows were destroyed. The mice appeared suddenly and mysteriously, as if by preconcerted arrangement, simultaneously all over the township, and disappeared in the same way. The next year, led thither no doubt by hope that the field mice would be there again, hawks came in formidable numbers, and hovered daily over the town. inspecting every nook and corner of it in search of prey. The field mice, which naturalists say are the first object of a hawk's visit to farms not having located themselves in Milford in 1884, the hawks, not to be entirely left in seek-1884, the hawks, not to be entirely left in seeking that locality, began a promiscuous and persistent sampling of farm poultry yards, and continued the practice until there was so little left to sample that the marauding birds abandoned the neighborhood as no longer worthy of their presence. That invasion of hawks in Milford township was the chief incident in the internal economy of the Commonwealth that led to the law in 1885 placing a bounty of fifty cents on every hawk killed in the State.

As the great number of field mice in Milford township in 1883 was undoubtedly the cause of the coming of the hawks in 1884, and the consequent placing of those birds under the ban as outlaws of the air, so did the unwonted presence of field mice in another county in 1886 lead directly to the repeal of the law placing a bounty on hawks and the restoring to them of freedom to prey where they chose without a price on their heads. The field mice of 1886 attracted hawks in great numbers in time for them to inaugurate a wholesale and united raid upon the little meadow killers, and while the hawks were engaged in this laudable work of extermination not a single chicken was lost to a farmer or any other person in that community. Consequently the cry went out that it was field nice that hawks wanted, not chickens; and so the wise and philanthropic legislators removed the bounty from that greatly misunderstood and previously much-injured bird.

In 1885, as the growing season developed, every farmer who went out to plough and sow discovered his fields corrugated by a network of sinuous uphravals of the earth from end to end and side to side of each enclosure. Those were announcements that the blind but busy ground mole had prefempted the township, and had staked out his claims. The mole's occupancy of the land were not for long, however, for on its trail came the deadly and snake-like weasel, for the separation of the same in hordes and wormed itself into the tunnels of the mole with such promptness and vim that if was seen in horde ing that locality, began a promiseuous and persistent sampling of farm poultry yards, and

busy for months with this myriad of bold, aggressive rodents, but they are still so numerous that one day last week a farmer went to his pig pen and found his porkers in social confab with no less than fifty-eight immense rats, which were evidently but a small contingent of an army that had gone into winter quarters there and thereabouts. The farmer has three rat terriers, and he put them at work in the pig pen. The dogs went gamely to work, and made short work of the fifty-eight rats, which were calmly devoured by the pigs as the terriers killed them. But the places of the fifty-eight were taken by other rate during the day, and at last accounts the possession of the farmer's premises was still a question of warm dispute between him and the rats.

PIGEONS AND PIGEON POPPERS.

Training the Birds to Fly Zigung-The Crnel

There is a larger demand for live pigeons for trap-shooting purposes in this country than ever before known. In this vicinity thousands are killed every week. Many men breed the common pigeon for no other purpose. They sell them at their homes in large quantities for prices varying from twenty to forty cents a pair. These are untrained birds, and are retailed to the shooters at twenty-five cents each. When a match or sweepstake takes place the shooters buy tickets, which they deliver up at the score prior to the pulling of the traps. When large shoots occur, like that at Dunellen, N. J., about two months ago, or the coming one which Phil Daly is getting up at Long Branch, the demand is anticipated. Collectors are sent through the country and every purchasable pigeon is got and put in large coops, built for the purpose and the birds are fed and watered until they are needed. The majority of these birds be long to farmers and are of mongrel breeds, having been allowed to mate and pair at their own sweet will. Often, however, people who have made pigeons a study see well-bred fancy birds and homers mixed with the common pigeons in the crates, thus showing that illicit trapping has been going on. At Plainfield the other day a twenty-five cent ticket bird, that was going to be shot, was rescued by a fancier who happened to be present, who subsequently sold it for \$21. It was a very handsome English carrier, belonging in this city, and had its owner's name and address stamped on its wings. It had been trapped in Baltimore and shipped on with a lot of common birds.

In this vicinity the private grounds that use the most birds are: The Westminster Kennel Clubs at Babylon, Tuxedo Park, Country Club at Pelham, and Carterst Gun Club grounds at Bergen Point. These are exclusively private enclosures: and while very large money matches are constantly being shot on them by such well known club men as Plerre Lorlliard, Jr., Robert C. Cornell, J. Coleman Drayton, the Floyd-Joneses, George De Forest Grant, Howard S. Jaffray, the Knapps, Charles H. Watson of Orange, Mr. Thorne of Poughkeepsle, and William Hoov, there is as much care taken to keep these meetings private as if they were old-fashioned bullbaits. On these grounds the Hurlingham rules of England govern the contests, and none but regulation guns are used.

The open club grounds, which are patronized by regular organizations, are scattered everywhere. On Long Island, back of Brooklyn, there are several clubs who shoot at live birds. Among these are the Brooklyn Gun Club, Coney Island Rod and Gun Club, Long Island Gun Club, Garden City Gun Club, Long Island Gun Club, and Unknown Gun Club, The most of these clubs shoot on the old race tracks, and hold monthly meetings for club prizes. On Staten Island there are the Aquahonga Gun Club, Stapleton Gun Club, and Richmond County Gun Club, Homenbers of these clubs can eat more oyster stews, drink lager, and have a better time than any shocters on earth. Herry C. Jones of Stapleton is the crack shot of the island, a own sweet will. Often, however, people who have made pigeons a study see well-bred fancy

C. Jones of Stapleton is the crack shot of the island, and Ed. Burfield is the great L. S., because he once shot a seal.

The Washington Heights Gun Club shoots regularly at Fort Washington, and there are some few clubs in Westchester county. New Jersey, however, is the great trysting place for trap shooters. The only public ground in this vicinity where birds are always on hand for those who wish to practise or try their skill is on the Bloomfield road, near Newark. It is well appointed and under the management of John Erb, a veteran of the cinder path. There is more or less shooting every day at Erb's, big sweep shooting on Saturdays, combined with money matches. All the big professional shoots come off there, and it is also the meeting place of the Essex Gun Club. Thousands of birds are shot here. Erb gets them from all over the country in big hampers. The birds are marketed in this city, Among the clubs in Newark are the South Side Gun Club, which shoots at clay pigeons and crows; the West Newark, Woodside, and Nimrod. Orange boasts of several small clubs and Springfield has a good one. The Elizabeth Gun Club has which shoots at clay pigeons and crows; the West Newark. Woodside, and Nimrod. Orange boasts of several small clubs and Springfield has a good one. The Elizabeth Gun Club has been heard from this season as shooting at clay pigeons and English sparrows. The Middlesex Gun Club has become prominent from having given two big open tournaments at Dunellen. Another active club is the Jersey City Heights, which has its grounds at Merion. Next to Erb's grounds there is more shooting going on there than any place near this city. The life of the club is Al. Heritage, "old South Paw," who supplies the birds and the best part of the fun. For some reason or other fully half the men who shoot either live or clay pigeons around New York, whether they live on their money or are in business, shoot under allases. There are some of them who seem to be ashamed to let thoir friends know that they shoot, while there is another class who make a renorter's life a burden, desiring their own names published when they whan the proper less' whom ien, desiring their own names published when

ment. Others say it hurts their business to let it be known that they shoot, while there is another class who make a reporter's life a burden, desiring their own names published when they make big scores, and some one clee's when they have shot badly. It is impossible to satisfy this class of shooters. It is the age of allases, however, and they are very fashionable on the cricket and tennis fields. For this reason there are some people who are only read of, in their own names, as doing well.

On the majority of pigeon grounds the matches are shot under modified Hurlingham rules. These do not restrict the shooters to using guns of 12 gauge or under, or confine the weight to 715 pounds. Over on Long Island, however, some of the meetings are governed by the old Long Island rules—H. and T. (head and tail) traps, one barrel, and 25 yards rise. But few find-trap-and-handie matches are shot in these days. The cruel practice of flaging the birds before putting them in the traps emanated from matches of the trap-and-handie kind. The birds are now put in the traps just as they are taken from the crates. Herefore pasters were put over the birds eyes, the feathers pulled out, pins stuck in them, and burning chemicals injected. Some few men were adopts by these means in the art of making a pigeon fly the way they wanted it to, but the big majority overdid the matter, and their birds did not fly nearly as well as if they had been let alone.

The great pigeon purveyor of the country at this time is Miles Johnson of Robbinsville, N. J. He is the veteran pigeon shot and trapper of America. Some time ago old Jack Evans of Newark put in a claim for the same post of honor, explaining he was now in his fourth million pigeons he had trapped. A newspaper man made a figuring on this statement, having first accretion of the boys to his calculations that Jack had trapped exactly two pigeons and fourtenths of a pigeon every second since the day he was bore. This knocked out Evans's claim to the championship, and he doesn't turn up often

STORIES OF THE ANIMAL WORLD. Young Squirrels Nursed by a Cat,

From the Boston Globe. A. Q. Evans lives upon Green Mountain, and one day his son came across a squirrel and its neat. On investigation he found three young squirrels with their eyes not yet opened. Young Evans robbed the nest and took the young rodents home. In the barn he had a nest of kittens which had recently been admitted to the light of day. Not having their syes open, the light of day, Not having their syes open, the light of day was inimisterial to them. For the fun of the thing Evans put the squirrels in the nest with the old cat and kittens. Hrasge as it may seem, the cat seemed to take kindly to its adopted family and made room for them.

Perfect harmony prevailed and no partiality was shown. From this on the cut rermitted the squirrels to nurse, and when the kittens and squirrels eyes were opened they were first friends. Grimalkin brought up her family with unusual care, and one of the funniest sights I gver saw was when I watched the capers of the "brood. Fearing the rodents might take it into their heads to issue, a case was built and satisfacts, and squirrels out is. The young and the squirrel state in the rodents might take it into their heads to issue, a case was built and satisfacts. A. Q. Evans lives upon Green Mountain

rodents would throw their arms around the kittens necks and all would tumble over in the greatest froile. The squirrels were quite mischlevous and never seemed to tire of play. When the kittens were exhausted they would attack their "foster mother." After permitting their capers to proceed to a certain length she would administer a motherly rebuff and then the squirrels would roll themselves in a ball and go to sleep.

Something New in Rais.

Prom the Americus Recorder.

Charley Hawkins has recently been experimenting in rat raising, and by caging the common black rat with a number of white ones has produced an entirely new breed of rodents. From the centre of the body back they are perfectly white, while the head and shoulders are black, like the common rat. They are very gentle, and run about at will in that part of town, even daring to approach Neal Carter's hairless oat with impunity.

A Frenk to For.

Prom the Paducah News.

One of the colored men employed at Boyd & Wash's restaurant, on North Second street, came rushing in last night from the back yard, with eyes protruding and face almost white with terror, declaring he had seen the devil. Ferd. Williams, who was on watch at the time, wanted the African to go out and show him where it was, but the frightened darky swore he wouldn't go in that back yard again for all the wealth of the Paduch Coal, Land and Iron Company. Ferda and Cooley Landcart finally resolved to hunt the flend themselves. They were not long in finding and slaying it, and it is certainly the strangest and most remarkable animal ever seen in this vicinity. It seems to have no body at all, being all head and tail. The former resembles that of a young kitten, except for the abnormal largeness of the eyes; the latter is almost identical with the tail of a 'possum. It has no visible legs or wings, and is perhaps eight inches or a foot in length. Whether it is a bird, beast, reptile or devil it is hard to tell. At all events, it is a "new one" to all who have seen it. From the Paducah Nesos.

Mr. Bowditch's Knowing Cat.

Mr. Bewditch's Knewing Cat.

From the augusta Journal.

Said Mr. Bowditch, the druggist, with a merry twinkle in his eyo: "I've got some knowing cats. A fellow was giving me some pretty stiff talk about a trained dog of his. so I told him that I had a cat that could tell the different denominations of money. He didn't believe it, so I took a dollar bill and a five-dollar bill, and, unknown by him. scented the five with catnip. I then laid them on the floor and said to the cat: 'Now, Tom, take your choice, but you are a fool if you don't take the five.' The cat jumped down and smelled the bills, and finally with his paw poked out to one side the one with the catnip on it. Well, sir, that fellow hasn't recovered yet from the surprise that cat's sagacity gave him."

The Wildent Came.

From the Kingston Preeman.

The Wildent Came.

From the Kington Freeman.

A Marblotown, Ulster county, farmer, not long since found that he was losing his fowls so fast that his roost would soon be depopulated unless a stop was put to it. Whether the stealing was done by a man or an animal he could not tell. He decided to lie in wait, and whatever it was, "man or devil." to attack. One cold night he bundled up in horse blankets, robes, and overcoats, and hid himself near the hennery. It was a long, tedious watch, and several times he almost decided to trudge to the house and go to bed. He never before realized what it was to stand picket guard. He had heard old veterans talk about it, but had no idea there was any great hardship other than being shot at.

Just as he was about to give up and leave, he heard a soft-footed step, and saw an animal of some kind moving over the snow toward the place where fowls were roosting. It slipped through a hole and disappeared in the building. Then, by the suppressed squeaks of the hens, the furmer was convinced that the depredator he had been waiting for was at work. Grasping his club with a firm grip, he went to the door, threw it open, and sorang inside. He heard a wicked growl, a stealthy catilke movement, saw two balls of fire in the dark, and then he struck with all his might. The blow was well aimed, for it struck the wildeat between the eyes and, no doubt, killed it at the first blow, though the man continued to rain down blows for a minute or more. He dragged the carcass to the house, and the next morning, for the first time, knew what a dangerous animal he had killed.

Scared by a Big Animal.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

DECATUR, Ind., Jan. 13.—About a month ago over in the big woods just on the edge of Jsy County the citizens were greatly excited over the fact that there was some kind of a wild, feroclous animal inhabiting that section. Different people many times heard it screaming and barking, sometimes in the night, and others heard it during the day when they were in the woods. One night one of the families heard their dog barking some distance from the house, but thought nothing unusual had happened until morning, when they could not find the dog. Search was made, and he was found dead in the woods, all torn up, as is, supposed, by this unknown animal. After this nothing more was heard of it until Thursday evening, when what is supposed to be the same thing made its appearance in Monroe township, this county. Marion Odle, hearing a noise about his premises, stepped out into the dooryard, when he was accosted by the animal, which sprang toward him, at the same time uttering terrible screams, which aroused his family and brought his faithful dogs to his rescue, when the animal fied, followed by Mr. Odle and the dogs. It ran in the direction of Mr. Martz's, attacking a flock of sheep, but was again chased away by the dogs and a number of men who had heard the hidoous noise it made, and followed in the pursuit. The impression is that it is a lynx. The people in the neighborhood are so scared that they will not venture out after nightfall. From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Wildest Shot In Connecticut,

A Wildcat Shot in Connecticut,
New Haven, Jan. 20.—Oscar Leach and
James Wilder of Hamburg (Lyme) killed a wildcat recently while hunting. They were passing through a heavily wooded swamp, when
Wilder's dog made a dash into a clump of
brush, and in a moment came out howling
with a broken fore leg. Cautiously approaching. Wilder was startled by a flerce anarl, and
fired his gun at random into the brush. A
large wildcat sprang out, which was shot by
Leach, who, taking hasty aim, pulled both
triggers of his gun simultaneously. Wildeats
are more numerous this winter than for
twenty years.

THE STRANGER COULD RUN.

Missouri Folks Thought he Couldn't, but he Beat Their Sprinter Badly. WELLSVILLE, Mo., Jan. 21 .- Two months ago an impecunious-looking stranger, who said he was Watson from New York, came here and talked a little of his running ability. Nobody thought he could run, and every one supposed he was on the bluff. At Jonesburg lives a roung man named Rittenhouse, who the Wells-ville sports knew could pick his feet up pretty lively, and finally a match between the two for \$500 a side was made. The Jonesburg sprinter while in the Government Printing Office at Washington improved his leisure moments in athletic ways until he got a reputation in the East as a runner. East as a runner.

The distance named was 150 yards, on the race track. Watson, who is beyond doubt a professional in disguise, moved away from his opponent at a rate that, paralyzed the spectators and dumbfounded Rittenhouse. It is said that fully \$1,000 was lost on the race.

Explained.

From the Boston Courier. Wife—What is meant, John, by the phrase "carrying coals to Newcastle!" Ilusband—It is a metashor, my dear, showing the doing of sometime that is unnecessary.

Wife—I don't exactly understand. Give me smillustration a familiar our.

Husband—Well, if I was to bring you home a book entitled "How to Taik," that would be carrying coals to Newcastle.

Everything Went, From the Chicago Mail.

"Did you make enough money on your stock deal. John to buy the sort of carriage you promised; I suppose you did though." she added condently: "you said you put in your money at the bottom of the market." "so I did, my dear, so I did; but the bottom itself dropped out."

A Cold, Clear Voice. From the Chicago Tribune.

"Lodemia," called out the clear, cold voice of Mr. Jarvis from the head of the sairway, "has that young man gone yet?"
Deep silence in the parior.
"If he has not," continued the voice, "will you have the kindness to remind him that it is our custom to have family prayers half an hour before breakfast?"

He Loves a Fine Dog. From the Chicago Tribune.

You have a fine large family of children.

BANBORN'S ILL-GOTTEN MONEY.

A Compromise in the Contest Over the Phil anthropic staner BOSTON, Jan. 21.—The famous Sanborn

will case that has been hanging fire in the courts for three or four years has just been settled by compromise. The story, which would have been brought out at a trial if it had been reached, was briefly outlined in THE SUN about four years ago, and it is one of the strangest that the evolution of modern civilization ever brought to light. Edward S. Sanborn was an old man who died

rich but unmourned in this city about four years ago. He was known for many years to the police and others in Boston as the proprietor of various houses of prostitution. He was buried in Kingston, N. H., with high honors as a prominent and public-spirited citizen who was widely known as a liberal patron of education and religion. He lived two distinct lives, two existences, which were kept always separate and which never touched. He came of good family, but when about 35 years of age he seemed to have deliberately determined to live a double existence. In his own town he led an upright life, supported various public improvements, and was honored by his fellow townsmen, who once or twice sent him to represent them in the Legislature. But although retaining his citizenship in Kingston. although retaining his citizenship in Kingston. Sanborn spent a greater part of his time during the last three decades of his life in Boston. His record in this city was that of a libertine and an unsorupulous money getter. In company with various women, he began keeping brothels at the West End. The places were of the lowest sort, and he made money quite rapidly. He increased his investments in the nefarious business, and continued to grow rich until he accumulated fully \$250,000. He lived a most miserly life. No one enjoyed having business dealings with him, for he insisted on realizing more for his money than any one class could get. So parsimonious did he become, that even after he became feeble he would walk a mile rather than pay a horse car fare.

His last enterprise in Boston was a bold one. About five years before his death he proposed to build the most gorgeous house of prostitution in the country. The building was erected, but before it could be devoted to the vite nurpose proposed, the owner was taken ill, and he finally was compelled to sell it.

About seventeen years before his death Mr. Sanborn met in this city Miss Julia A. Hilton, then a very pretty girl, from Maine, about 19 years old. From that time until her death, a few months before his own decease, the two lived together. The most sincere affection seemed always to exist between them, but they never married. Miss Hilton was a partner in all the business schemes of her paramour, and during the last few years of her life was mistress of a house of ill fame at 20 Lyman street, which Mr. Sanborn owned, and where he made his home, and finally died. She was as shrewd a business manager as he, and accumulated a property of more than \$80,000. After making a few trifling bequests, she bequeathed the bulk of this property to Mr. Sanborn and he sore the disposal of his wealth. A will which he made at that time bequeathed \$40,000 to Dartmouth College, and made his sisters and their children and the son of exe-Gov. Noves of Ohio, ten in all, his resid Sanborn spent a greater part of his time dur-ing the last three decades of his life in Boston.

one side was cut:

MAJOR EDWARD S. SANBORN. Born Nov. G. 181G. Died

Upon the reverse are the words:

Miss Hilton is not buried there, however. After her death Mr. Sanborn was not of sound mind, and her relatives took possession of her remains and buried them in Maine.

In 1838 Mr. Sanborn determined to found and endow an academy which should percetuate the memory of himself and of his mistress. He bought a fine site of several acres near the centre of the town of Kingston, and built an elegant brick and granite edifice for the surpose. It is a building probably better adapted to educational purposes than any in the State, and, architecturally, it is the finest structure within many miles. The building itself and two elaborately arched gateways are plainly inscribed "Sanborn Seminary." The building was completed and furnished ready for occupancy a few months before the death of Sanborn and his mistress. Its construction was carefully superintended by both the couple, Miss Hilton furnished the library, and in the room designed for it was placed her life-size bust. Delicately cut in marble, it represents her as a woman of rare beauty. The features are classical, delicate, and refined. Bo perfect are the lines that a casual observer gets tures are classical, delicate, and refined. So perfect are the lines that a casual observer gets the impression that it is an ideal head, and the thought that it represents the mistress of a brothel is almost beyond credence. In the hall between the main stairways is a similar bust of Mr. Sanborn. He was a small man, with narrow forehead, but his gray beard gave him quite a patriarchal appearance. Below the bust is a tablet, inscribed:

This seminary was founded and endowed and this building creeted by Edward Stevens Sanborn in token of his regard for his native town and his appreciation of the importance of education. A. D. 1883. The library was presented by Julia Ann Hillon.

of his regard for his native town and his appreciation of the importance of sducation. A. D. 1883. The library was presented by Julia Ann Hilton.

Mr. Sanborn appointed as trustees of the seminary John W. Sanborn, a distant relative; Amos C. Chase of Kingston, Warren Webster of Brooklyn, John P. Marshall of Somerville, and William P. Mouiton of Exeter. The Legislature gave these gentlemen a charter in 1883. The founder of the institution proposed to make it a non-sectarian school for the education of the youth of both saxes. In his last will, which was made in April, 1883, and modified by codicils in the following October and December. Mr. Sanborn makes the institution his residuary legatee. He bequeaths \$5,000 to the Congregational church of Kingston, \$1,000 to Mrs. George W. Sanborn, \$240 annually to Mary E. Brickett of Haverhill, and an income of \$2,000 to the poor women of Kingston "whom the Selectmen may adjudge best entitled to the benefit by their industry and virtue." The contestants who objected to the probating of this will were the heirs-at-law and Dartmouth College, for if the will should be overthrown the previous one of 1881, which was in favor of the college and heirs-at-law, would become operative. The ground of contest was alleged unsoundness of mind at the time of making the 1888 will. The case has been postponed in the Probate Court from time to time on various pretexts, and the basis for the compromise now arrived at is said to be the payment of \$5,000 in cash to the heirs-at-law yet he beneficiaries under the 1883 will. Dartmouth College retires from the contest without benefit.

The seminary has remained closed all these years pending the result of this contest; and now that it is settled, a very interesting problem presents itself to the trustees. Whether they will attempt to open the institution thus handicapped by the fact that the vicious source of its means is known, and whether it would receive public pateronage and support under the directive public pateronage and support under the

AN AMAZING EYE OF FIRE

The same of the sa

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT AND THE WOR DERFUL THINGS IT HAS DONE

Illuminating the Depths of the Sen and Ro venling Creatures that Man had Never Seen-The Magic that it May yet Perform, When it was discovered that an artificial light that very closely resembles the natural light of day could be procured from electricity. and that it could be so easily provided as to take, in a great measure, the place of gas for lighting purposes, everybody was naturally as-tonished and thought that the electricians were the greatest men on earth. The new system was hardly old enough to be an assured success before a lot of wise men began consider-ing the advisability of devoting this light to a greater purpose than that of merely lighting up the humdrum affair of every-day life,

As an experiment, a small incandescent light was thrust beneath the water in a fountain. The effect was superb while it lasted, but the water managed to work its way into the globe, and the light was extinguished. This gave the electricians something to think about, and they began immediately to rack their brains for a means of keeping the water away from the source of light. A coating of rubber was finally placed over the joint where the glass globe joins the brass holder, and over this was drawn a rubber bag that fitted tightly over the top of the globe and ground the pipe through which the wire passed. This promised to be successful, but a brief experiment showed that the glass was not strong enough to stand

the pressure of water, and, after being exposed to it for a short time, would collapse. A globe was then made of plate glass that proved able to stand the strain.

For some time this was only used in lighting up fountains by way of an ornament. Then it occurred to Prof. Baird of the United States Fish Commission that if a light could be used under water it would prove of great advantage to him in his search for fish that never allowed themselves to be caught by any of the old-fashioned methods. He believed that there existed at a great depth in the occan various kinds of lish that had never been seen. Every boat was favorite method of cauching the knowledge of the continuous lines of the him of the water and the Professor was sure that if a light could be made to live at a great depth in the water, and the Professor was sure that if a light could be made to live at a great depth in the water, and the Professor was sure that if a light could be made to live at a great depth in the water, the reward would be great.

The steamer Albatross of the Commission was provided with an engine and a dynamo. A liberal supply of heavy glass globes that would hold a light equal to the lighting power of 100 candles was placed on board, and, equipped with other necessary articles, such as a lot of insulated wire, a large quantity of light, strong rope, and a number of heavy weights to serve as sinkers, the steamer started out. The first attempt was unsuccessful, for at a depth of 1,000 fathoms the pressure was see great upon the globe that it broke. Another trial was speedily made with heavier globes, and they were found able to stand the pressure of any depth to which they could be sunk. But the most wonderful part of this trial trip, which took place something like three years ago, was related to Secretary Frank S. Hastings of the Edison Electric Light Company by Prof. Baird.

At a Boint near the bahamas, according to the dead of the was slowly raised. It looked like the reflection of a star in the water for some time, and the

at which a steamer usually moves is an operation requiring considerable thought for its successful achievement. There is always much difficulty in lighting up water that has a rumed surface, and for this reason many of the experiments made have been less successful than was expected. The lighting up of opyster beds, Mr. Hastings thinks, could be readily accomplished, because the water in these places is not art to be very deep. In the west Indies and the Bahamas, where valuable shells and sponges lie deep in the water, the searchers after these articles have a box with a glass bottom. The top is open. In the box is placed a lamp, and then the glass bottom is pressed down in the water until it is slightly below the surface. The water directly below the box is perfectly smooth, and it is possible to see through the water for nearly ninety feet. Mr. Hastings thinks that this same system could be adopted with the electric light, which would throw a stream of light much stronger than could be obtained by any other means. Early in the present month a boy was drowned at Winchendon, Mass. Two days later his body was discovered by means of an electric light that was thrust under water by a pole. In the clearing and raising of wrecks the electric light, it is thought, will be of great value.

"It has been discovered," said Mr. Hastings, "that an electric light, it is thought, will be of great value.

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"It has been discovered," said Mr. Hastings, that an electric light, it is thought, will be of great value.

"It has been discovered," said Mr. Hastings, that an electric light is promoted in a barrel of new whiskey and left there for forty-clight hours will give it the color and flavor of whiskey five years old. I can't attempt to explain it, but this method of treating whiskey has been in practice for a year or more. The light, as I understand it, absorbs the tusel oil."

The Government officers on staten Island st

Beautiful

Hair has always been esteemed one of woman's chief adornments. No trouble nor expense should be spared to preserve its richness and lustre. The best dressing is Ayer's Hair Vigor. It keeps the scalp clean, cool, and healthy, and im-

clean, the hair soft, and preserves the origin

MY WIFE has used it for a long time with most satisfactory

results."
"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for the past two years, and found it all it is represented to be. It restores the natural color to gray hair, promotes a vigorous growth, and keeps the hair soft and pliant."—Mrs. M. V. Day, Cohoes, N. Y. "Ayer's medicines prove to be just what is laimed for them, and the Hair Vigor is certain-"Ager's medicines prive to be just was in claimed for them, and the Hair Vigor is certain by the very best preparation of the kind in the world."—Ross A. Bagley, Big Greek, Ga.
"I am using Ayer's flarasparilla, and do not think there is any medicine to equal it. I have also been using Ayer's Hair Vigor for several years, and believe that it has caused my hair to retain its natural color."—Mrs. H. J. King, Dealer in Dry Goods, etc., Bishopville, Md.

Ask your druggist for

Complexions.

No trouble nor expense and lustre. The best preserve its richness and lustre. The best dressing is Ayer's Hair Vigor. It keeps the scalp clean, cool, and healthy, and imparts to the hair a sliken softness and a lasting fragrance.

Dr. B. M. Johnson, of Thomas Hill, Mo., says:
"Ayer's Bars lustre, Drugs the scalp "My daughter, sixteen years old, is usin Ayer's Sarsaparilla with good effect."—Rev S. J., Graham, Presiding Elder U. B. Church, Buckhannon, W. Va.

Buckhamon, W. Va.

Mrs. Hannah W. McNeal, Edgewood, Pa.

writes: "I have received great benefit from the
use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and am glad to recousmend it to all who need a safe blood purifier." Alice E. Charles, Bath, Me., says: "Until re-cently my face was covered with pimples ever-since I was fifteen years old. I took four bettles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and my skin became as fair as could be desired."

fair as could be desired."

A young lady of Dover, N. H., writes that for a number of years her face was covered with pionies, and she was constantly annoyed by their appearance. Three bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla rendered her skin perfectly clear.

"During the winter of 1884 I was badly afficted with carbuncles on my neck. I tried a number of doctors' prescriptions, but without relief. At last I was advised to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and before I had finished one bottle, the cura was complete."—Michael Lynch, Howesville, Ind.

Be sure you get.

Be sure you get Ayer's Hair Vigor, Ayer's Sarsaparilla, Propared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass, Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass, Ecid by Druggists and Purfumqra. Price \$1; air bottles, \$6. Worth \$5 a bottles.